

"If you want gold I will give it to you—no," he added hastily, as the lad's eyes flashed; "I don't mean to *hire* you, but favor for favor. You can receive the artist, and he needs so sorely, and I will show you where the gold lies in nuggets—enough to make you rich for life."

"It's a bargain!" cried Little Volcano, quickly. "Not that I ask pay for helping you, but you know where there is so much gold, there surely must be enough for you and me too. We will go share."

"Don't make any promises, señor, until you know me better," said the Mexican, smiling sadly.

"I will give you the plan of the place, or if you still wish it, after all is told, I will show it to you. But now—to work. We must make a little."

This was not difficult work. A couple of long slender poles were cut, a pair of cross-pieces being securely tied, so as to make a frame work that fit wide with protruding ends. These were set up and the artist taken from behind his saddle were quickly fastened into a comfortable litter for the injured woman. Then, bidding the horse farewell, the Mexican and Little Volcano raised the litter and set off down the dale.

The young miner's mind was busy enough. He soon made out that there was some mystery about his new acquaintance. The presence of the richly-dressed woman in such a wild, lonely region alone would evince so much, even without the enigmatical words of the Mexican.

For one moment a dark suspicion entered the young mind, as quickly was it banished. This handsome, slight-built man could not be the demon incarnate common rumor painted. Besides the bloody deeds laid at his door, the picture drawn by those who affirmed their knowledge, was of a giant in size, an ogre in mien.

As they went on, they found on, without a word being spoken, with no interruption save a moment's pause now and then, for rest, or when a moan of pain broke from the sufferer's lips.

Little Volcano began to grow curious as to the end of the journey. He had long since lost his bearings, and round over which they passed was strange to him.

"See!" at length muttered the Mexican, pointing out a thin, fleecy column of smoke. "There is our resting-place!"

As they neared the smoke, they waded along until presently emerging from a tangled clump of bushes, a dozen or more tents and bush-huts appeared before them. Little Volcano uttered a sharp exclamation, as a number of men sprung toward them. Foremost was a tall, gaunt figure that he only now recognized.

The recognition was mutual. Flashing forth a long knife the man leaped forward with a grating yell, showing his pointed wolf-fangs in a devilish grin.

It was Manuel Garcia—Three-Fingered Jack!

CHAPTER VI.

A QUEER ARTIST.

A HORRIBLE, unearthly voice resounded through the one street and numerous side-trails of Hard Luck. A tall, gaunt, hideously constructed slab palace, stood a little, pig-eyed, long-tailed Celestial, the wonder and envy of two Johns" standing opposite. But though Lee elevated his pig nose still nearer the sun, he could not recognize the master of his old brass kettle with the close attention to business one might expect in Gabriel on the day of Judgment.

Thus the barbarous sounds of civilization found utterance amidst the mountains of gold—awaking more curiosity and interest than if it had been the roar of a grizzly, or the thrilling echoes of a bear fight.

"It's the grub call for them as hangs out at the new shebang," said Walking John in explanation to a friend fresh from up-country. "It's a digester—a fat 'o' you—by a woman, took to her old don't count for nothing. But the young lady—that you've got me, pard. I kinder reckon the Boss up yonder," and Walking John turned one eye up at the pure blue sky, not irreverently. "I reckon He jest made two or three o' her sort and turned 'em out here to show us sinners what kind o' eaters the angels is."

Secretly wondering what kind of animal Walking John meant, Tanglefoot proposed grubbing at the new outfit.

Above the door was tacked a canvas sign, bearing the legend, in irregular and somewhat demoralized letters: "THE MINERS' REST."

and beneath it in smaller letters the name of our poor friend, Hector Champion. The sign also bore a "no minnows" notice. Following along skinned an old miler, all in rags, flitting from the personification of hunger, whose many-tined pitchfork was held in alarming proximity to the ragged trowsers of the fugitive. Second: Hunger lying prostrate beneath his feet, not grammar into a second. Third: Landers and a single hent with the vise with which he was attacking a mammoth loin of beef. A wonderful sign—one that had cost the worthy Champion many a weary hour and much pain.

The dining-hall was gottas up regardless of expense. The floor was of beaten clay, smooth and waterproof. The rough slab walls were covered from sight by white canvas. A dozen or more white pine tables—polished with an ax—varnished the room, surrounded by a dozen chairs, the back of the legs of bone being firmly planted in the chair, prudence and economy combined. They could not be used as knock-down arguments in every heated disension.

The hall was well filled. Miss Morton presided over the room, in a little, India-temple ornament. Back of her stood a man who had his two dollars, or its equivalent in dust. Mrs. Hector Champion was an advocate of "no credit."

Seated by themselves were the two men who were known to Hard Luck as Long Tom and Sleepy George. They were eating with a voracity that ill-matched their diet, lethargic looks, and listening to the words of the Hard Luckians with an evil glister in their eyes.

"Hear's to ye, old man," said Zimri, looking the gambler full in the face.

Long Tom drank his liquor in silence. Then, with his eyes cast faintly with an embittered smile, he said, coolly enough:

"Twas your turn over there, friend; mine will come next."

"When it comes, I'll be there—never fear," laughed the old man. "You'll see me right in the eye, in over to be at your table as hear me."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 325.)

THE TROUT.

BY CHARLES QUINT.

Poor, speckled beauty of the brook! In this dim solitude my heart is free To pity thee, thus quivering on my hook In voiceless agony.

Yet those who pity not, deserve Not to be pitied; when, my cannibal, Distrust thou from tender troutlings ever swerve At pity's gentle call?

Thou handsome brigand! lurking in the dark Of some deep pool with stealthy, nervous limbs Hungry and cruel as a ravenous shark— To slay thy kinne own kin!

Or, with a sudden flash of ruby light, Gleaming along the ruffe's rugged crest, Drawn from thy pett'y gloo by the sight Of some more dusky brook.

How beautiful, how fearless! Like Some human lives were thine. There be that He is, in wait, like thee, with hungry jaw to strike The heedless passer-by.

But why salmonmen do fly In this, our bigger brook, and oft, too late, Greed finds beneath Ambition's tempting fly, The barbed hook of fate.

In fish and man one passion burns;

Strong robs the weak, and, ere the spoil be done,

A stronger robes the robber. Death returns To every one his own.

You supped on flies and worms, my trout; For all my pity I shall sup on thee; And death shall but work even justice out When worms shall sup on me.

The Sword Hunters;

OR,

THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN," "LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BENI HALLOWIN.

THE STRANGERS were coming silently on, all together, and Manuel judged that there must be over a hundred men in their crowd. He felt comforted, for, with the forty Hamraus and his own men, he had about eighty in his own camp, with thirty-five guns. He saw several long muskets on the shoulders of the horsemen, but that did not alarm him. He knew that shooting from a horse is very uncertain work, whereas his own men were on foot, with rocks to rest their guns on.

He waited for a little time, till his enemies were getting too close to be agreeable, when he threw the reins over his beast's neck and mounted. The Arabs were so close, when he got up, that he could dimly see their dark crowd from the saddle. Manuel drew a revolver, pointed at a venture, and fired a shot into the dark mass to alarm the camp. The next minute the wild ass gave a frightened bound, wheeled round, and sped off like an arrow past the camp, where the fires were all smoldering dimly, in white embers.

His garments were a mass of rags and tatters, pieced here and there with a bit of skin or fur, yet revealing his skin in more than one place. He bore his scars in fair, in a manner calculated to create a sensation in the place, at that time.

Entering the room with a step soft and noiseless as that of a cat, he glanced quickly around upon the different parties, his cold, sunken eyes resting upon the broadcloth-covered back of Long Tom, and one pair of eyes that were the admiration of the other, and of more interest than Crazy Billy—the name by which the ragged wanderer had been dubbed.

He stood for a brief spell in silence, then gilded to the wall and began marking upon it with some soft black substance. Sw ft, steel, iron and true were his fingers, sharp, and he was no ordinary man. Each stroke, even with such rude material, betrayed the artist. And shortly the rapid touches began to develop into a picture of peculiar interest—if nothing else, strongly characteristic of those lawless times.

Manuel had a powerful Mameluke bit in the creature's mouth, the same as the South American bit, with an iron ring encircling the lower jaw, instead of a curb-shank. Had it not been for this, he never could have stopped his frightened charger in time. The tremendous force of the bit brought it on its haunches, however,

and he galloped back to camp, pulling hard most of the way.

But his shot had raised a tempest behind him.

One of the Beni Hallowin must have got off during the night to alarm his comrades, or they would not have been up so promptly in the morning. They had hoped to return the surprise of the night, and instead of that, Manuel had surprised them. They returned his shot with a volley of musket-bullets, aimed at random, and came charging down on the camp with a grand yell.

Manuel raced into camp, leaped the breast-work, and shouted out:

"Light! Lights! Quick!"

Instantly the little boys of the Hamraus,

who were standing ready by the fires, threw on armfuls of dry grass, followed by withered thorn-bushes, and up started seven or eight big blazes, which lighted up everything, outside and in. The defenders of the camp could see the dense body of their enemies come charging down, spreading as they advanced, and some distance of yet.

Jack Curtis and Bullard went up and down the lines of their men; who were kneeling behind the breast-work, and exhorted them to keep cool and not fire before the word. The Egyptians were pale and trembling, but behaved pretty well, as their race will under white officers.

The blaze of the fires shot up higher than ever, and the Arabs came charging down.

They could not see the musketeers, who were hidden by the rocks, but they saw the little

troop of mounted Hamraus, waiting behind the camp, and as they neared the breast-work, the whole swerved round, and came sweeping along the face of it, in a dense crowd within twenty yards. Suddenly Bullard fired off his revolver into their midst, Jack Curtis followed, and the camel-drivers poured in a close volley, which wonderfully inspired them, while it demoralized their opponents.

The Beni Hallowin were terribly punished by the volley. The light of the fires blinded and confused them, while it favored their antagonists. Tom and Curtis fired off their revolvers as fast as they could pull the triggers, and the shots told on the packed mass in front of them.

The Arabs fell into disorder, halted, swayed to and fro, and their discomfiture was completed by the Hamraus; for Manuel, seizing the opportunity moment, gave the signal to charge, and away went the terrible swordsmen with yell, Garcia far ahead of them, on the swift desert steed.

The charge settled the matter at once.

Before the Hamraus could exchange cuts, the enemy were in full flight, and what followed was a perfect slaughter.

In five minutes both parties were scattered all over the desert, the Hamraus cutting the Beni Hallowin all to pieces. Even the old sheikh was out with the

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of the water drowned every other sound. Then with a rush, faster than a galloping horse, the mighty wave swept past them, and went tearing down the river-bed. Behind it was a dark torrent, full of fallen trees shooting past, tumbling one over the other in wild confusion under the still starlight. Where a great chasm had existed before, now was a full rushing river; and they could hear the great wave roaring onward on its destructive course, miles away, crashing and tearing along, the sound sinking into a distant murmur at last, while the river became calm, and they could only tell how rapidly it was going by watching the great logs, that from time to time shot past, with lightning velocity.

The great river Atbara was up, and the rains had come on the mountains of Abyssinia, swelling it so suddenly from a thousand rivulets. "And in a few days more," said Manuel, thoughtfully, "the Nile will rise, from Khartoum to Alexandria, and the black mud that has traveled all the way from the equator will settle on the fields of Egypt till all the land will rejoice. Fellows, it is time we were off. We have seen enough of this country."

They very soon found that Manuel was right. As Sheikh Haroun had predicted, the rising of the river was soon followed by the rains, which were nothing but tremendous torrents, that penetrated the tents as if they had been sieves. Our travelers were very glad to load up and travel away from the region of rain into the lower plains. It took them several days rapid marching, in which they were accompanied by the Hamraus, both parties camping and hunting together. The face of the country had undergone a change, as if by magic. Before, everything had been parched and withered, the grass burnt up, the trees dry and brown, not a sign of game anywhere, except close to the river. Now the fresh young grass was shooting up in all directions, antelopes of fifty different kinds were scattered about here and there, and the graceful heads of the giraffes could be seen in clusters by the tall mimosa. The elephants had retired to the deeper forests, but rhinoceroses were plenty, and lions seemed to be even more numerous. Every thicket seemed to hold one, lying asleep by the half-devoured body of some game slain the night before; and the sight grew so common that our boys ceased to fire at them, after they had collected eight lion skins in the first morning. The river was full of hippopotami, rejoicing in plenty; and all nature had undergone a grateful change.

But after about three days' march, they began to get out of the influence of the rainy season, as they approached Khartoum. Here they were more at the edge of the desert, and everything was scorched and barren, away from the river bank. They encamped near the town, and the governor of Khartoum, hearing they were there, came out to welcome them back. The governor was wonderfully polite to the Hamraus. He had often heard of their tribe, and was very anxious to cultivate their friendship, as the viceroy of Egypt wished to extend his dominions further south, and the good offices of a powerful tribe like the Hamraus would be very useful.

A grand reception was accordingly held, in front of Manuel's tent, the distinguished American strangers being the entertainers of all parties.

Sheikh Haroun, clothed in a long robe of crimson silk, presented him by the governor, whose name was Achmet Pasha, was smoking a long chibouque, or Turkish pipe; the pasha, in a magnificent uniform, flashing all over with gold lace, sat between the sheikh and Manuel; Abu Hassan and Abdallah, with others of the principal Arabs, were seated cross-legged, with Curtis and Bullard, smoking and chatting.

The conversation soon turned on the tribes to the south and west of them, and on the mysterious White Nile, which came from no one knew where. Manuel had heard of the discovery of the great lake Nyanza, which had been assumed as its source, and a keen desire began to possess his mind to find out for himself the great problem, and to go where no one else had been. He felt certain that if there was a lake, such as described by Speke and Baker, there must also be some river flowing into that lake, if not many such rivers. The largest of these would then be the true source of the Nile.

The conversation turned on it in this wise: MANUEL. "Can any here tell whence comes the great Bahr el Abiad? (The White Nile). The Atbara we know, but whence is the Bahr el Abiad?"

SHEIKH HAROUN. "No one can fathom the decrees of Allah. It comes from the south, among people that have eyes in their stomachs, and others with dogs' heads on their shoulders.* We know no more."

MANUEL. "Cannot the pasha tell us more? Surely he knows of the English traveler that went by there but a year or two ago, and came back, saying he had found the source of the Nile."

Pasha. "The American effendi (gentleman) is right. Such a man came by, a tall man, as strong as a buffalo, with a beard like the lion's mane. He had a lady with him, and went to the south. He came back safe once. His highness the khedive has sent him off again, and no one has heard of him since he reached Gondokoro."

Manuel recognized in this description the celebrated traveler, Sir Samuel Baker, a man of great size and strength, who had not been heard of for some time. He asked, therefore:

"Suppose I go with my friends here to look after this traveler—can you furnish us with guides, my lord the pasha?"

Pasha. "I can give you guides as far as Khordofan. There you will have to find others."

SHEIKH HAROUN. "Beware, my son, of going among those accursed people with the dogs' heads. They will devour you, of a surety."

MANUEL (smiling). "My father is too cautious. Before I left home, I promised my kinsmen that I would go where no one else had ever been. Now this traveler has plainly been up the Bahr el Abiad; therefore I will go to the westward and south, where no one has been."

SHEIKH HAROUN. "You will never get there, my son. There is a powerful and mighty prince there, who lives many moons' journey to the south-west, who kills all strangers, and whose people ride on elephants. No one has ever succeeded in reaching there, and come back to tell of it."

MANUEL. "Then there will I go, and come back the first. But how know you that the people ride on elephants if no one has ever come back to tell of it?"

SHEIKH HAROUN. "People have been to the borders of the river that separates this kingdom from the rest of the world, and have seen the terrible strangers across the river, on their elephants. They live in palaces, such as the giants once built along the great river to the north."

Manuel began to be greatly interested. He had known that there were vague traditions in

all parts of Africa, about a people somewhere in the interior "who ride on elephants." Here the same tradition again met him from the mouth of the old Arab chief, who was very cautious of his words.

"Which of you will go along with me?" he continued. "I will reward him handsomely when I come back, and make his tribe rich."

"I will go with my white brother," said Abu Hassan, suddenly. "He has been good to me and mine, and I will accompany him to death."

"And so will I," joined in Selim and Abdallah.

"It is well!" said Manuel. "My Arab brothers shall be well treated. When will the pasha give us a guide to Khordofan?"

PASHA. "Whenever their American excellencies please. However, I would not advise their trying to find the hidden country. No one has gone there within my lifetime, and there are only doubtful stories of people who went there many years ago. Their excellencies cannot always believe such stories. There is such a country, but it may be too far off to be reached."

MANUEL. "Wherever it be, I am going to find it. I will go where no one else has been before me, and find out if there be really such a people as they say lives there."

PASHA (politely). "Allah be with your undertaking. You shall have all the help I can give you."

And accordingly, the next few days were consumed in preparations for the march into the unknown regions. The Egyptian servants were all dismissed, and desert Arabs hired, with their camels, to convey the baggage of our travelers. Abu Hassan and his Hamraus here proved invaluable. The ladies knew that they could be depended on if it came to a fight, which was very possible where they were going, and the Hamraus took care to pick out men that they knew, from the numerous Arabs offering their services, for camel-drivers, drivers, etc.

When the party was finally made up, to cross the desert to Khordofan, it was sufficiently formidable to resist any ordinary attack. Abu Hassan and his two brothers were a host in themselves, and had persuaded three other Hamraus to join them. Manuel had given them all long Turkish muskets, which are quite cheap at Khartoum, with which the Arabs were delighted. All of his camel-drivers and servants were armed in the same manner, and he and his two friends were furnished with breech-loaders and revolvers.

Their little caravan was compact and carefully loaded, composed of thirty camels, all told. The Hamraus and the Arab grooms were all mounted on good horses, and our three friends had the best mounts of all, the incomparable, swift, tireless onagers.

"Ho! for the hidden land!" cried Jack Curtis, gayly, as they bounded out of the gate of Khartoum, ahead of their caravan. "Who says we won't reach it?"

"No one," responded "Plug." "They hain't any Yanks in this vicinity for a long time. We'll show them the way to do it."

And the little party broke up, with profound bows on both sides, when Manuel and his friends proceeded to discuss the news, in their own language.

The tidings of a wonderful people that lived in the very heart of Africa, sufficiently advanced in civilization to have tamed the elephant, were growing more certain at every step. Whether they had guns or not, seemed to be doubtful, as also the situation of the country. It was in the midst of that bare spot on the map of Africa, still denominated the *Unexplored Region*, and fancy was at liberty to clothe the picture in any colors that suited the taste.

"What could he mean by 'rows of statues a mile long, of lions with women's faces'?" asked Curtis, suddenly. "The people can't be Egyptians, can they? How could they get there?"

MANUEL. "I have a theory on that point, Jack, which this may perhaps confirm. I have seen, in Herodotus, a passage, saying, that Psammetichus, the last Egyptian king, who was driven out by Cambyses of Persia, took an army of four hundred thousand men, and marched off up the Nile into the interior. He was never heard of again, nor his army. I have always thought that some portion of that army must have founded a colony somewhere in the interior, and perpetuated Egyptian civilization. It may be possible that these are the descendants of that Egyptian army, who have kept themselves isolated from the world, like the Chinese, to preserve their nationality. It is certain that Dr. Livingstone traces a great likeness in the Makalolo and other southern tribes, to the Egyptian sculptures. These strange people have probably mixed with the negroes of the south at some time, while keeping their main race pure in their own country. But we shall see when we get there. Are you all willing to take the risk?"

BULLARD. "Ay, my boy! We'll follow you anywhere you please. Life's short. Let's see all we can. Hooray for the Egyptians!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 222.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE.

The low, mud walls of the city of Khordofan rose from the midst of a broad plain, now covered with short grass in the freshness of the rainy season. Flocks and herds, of sheep, goats and camels, covered the plain as far as the eye could see, all moving to the north, to escape the advancing rains, and follow returning verdure. Through the midst of these herds the caravan pushed its way to the great gate of the city, passing groups of wild desert Arabs, on horses and camels, driving their herds to the north. Abu Hassan told Curtis, that all the tribes of the Lybian desert migrated in this way from south to north, and back again, to follow the pasturage at different times of the year.

Inside the town they found long, narrow streets, winding here and there, low huts built of mud and thatched with millet straw, and a great bare market-place in the center of the city, where the merchants went into camp with their caravans, and trafficked in ivory and gold-dust, ostrich-feathers and palm-oil, and slaves from the interior.

Our friends were very much interested in everything they saw. There were caravans there from all over the recesses of Central Africa, merchants from Bornou, with jetty faces and enormous turbans, that seemed as if three ordinary blankets were rolled into each; tall, muscular negroes from Kooka and Kamen, and the countries that border Lake Chad, and one little party of merchants from the Shoa tribe of Arabs, that dwell on the Shary river.

These were the most interesting of all to our travelers. They came from that mysterious region where no white man had yet been; and beyond them, by common tradition, lay the country of the "elephant-riders." Manuel at once opened communication with these Arab merchants, and began to question them about this mysterious country. He invited them to a feast at his caravanserai that evening, and the Shoa merchants came. A caravanserai is the substitute, in Mohammedan countries, for our hotels. It consists of a vast open court, surrounded with buildings, which are divided into little bare stone cells. This is all the accommodation given, but it is enough in that climate, and it costs about a cent a day. Provisions and fuel have to be procured at the market, and every traveler brings his own bed, which is but a piece of carpet, or a mat and a cloak.

Here, on the evening of their arrival in Khordofan, our travelers were seated, in the court or the caravanserai, with the Shoa merchants and the Hamrau chiefs, smoking their long chibouques and drinking coffee out of tiny cups, while the unloaded camels knelt all round them.

The Shoa merchants were very unlike the negroes. Their complexion was a light copper-color, and they had heavy beards, their faces were regularly aquiline, and they were fine-looking men. Their hair, however, was frizzed in a very curious manner, standing out nearly a foot from the heads of their wearers, which were without any other covering. The Shoa wore long robes, and carried clumsy scimitars with them, but no fire-arms.

After many compliments passing, Manuel opened the conversation concerning the country he longed to hear about.

MANUEL. "We are going to travel toward your country, very soon. We have heard of the valor and worth of the Shoa from afar, and have resolved to come and see them."

SHOA MERCHANT. "My lord will be very welcome. We have but a little, but that little all belongs to my lord."

MANUEL. "Your tribe feed their flocks on the banks of the Shary—is it not so—to the south of the Lake Chad?"

SHOA. "We do. The sultan of Bornou makes us pay tribute, but he protects us from our enemies."

MANUEL. "And what people lie again to the south of you?"

SHOA. "The black people of the little mountains. They are robbers, but they have no arms, and live in caves."

MANUEL. "How can they rob, if they have no arms?"

SHOA. "They have nothing but knives, and they creep into our camps at night, and stab us asleep. But if a good watch is kept, there is no danger."

MANUEL. "And how do these people live?"

SHOA. "They run down the young buffaloes, when they catch them alone, and stab them. They are as swift as horses."

MANUEL. "You interest me greatly. And what people lies beyond them again?"

SHOA. "They are no people as we have ever seen there. They are like us."

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THE
Saturday Journal

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1876.

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of any production that has seen the light in a long time.

It affords us pleasure to state that this brilliant author will follow the present serial with another, in which new strength is displayed, and young woman's inner life is brought out with almost startling clearness and power. In Corinne Cushman readers of domestic fiction have, indeed, a

Star of the First Luster!

She will shine only in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

JOHN NEAL.

JOHN NEAL, whose recent decease in Portland, Maine, has been announced, was one of America's most eminent authors and literary purveyors of a generation now fast passing away. He was a writer of marked originality of conception or invention—his poems and stories all being what may be classed as *unique*. For that reason, perhaps, they were not as *popular* as those by other really less original writers. The "popular" taste does not run to the unique. It favors what is a more or less meritorious elaboration of a *standard* type of composition and treatment, and a departure from this standard is pretty sure to narrow the circle of readers in proportion as the work is unappreciated or misapprehended. Neal was a very genial man and wrote *genially* always. He destined the out-of-the-way phases of human nature rather than those of the life around us; hence, in all his novels will be found persons and characters, of all degrees of intelligence, yet distinguished by peculiarities that stamp them as oddities and originals. While they are good as factors in plot and drama, they have a personal interest that the student of human nature is sure to relish immensely, but which, to the popular taste—that craves a whole picture rather than a Hogarth delineation—is not essentially attractive. He had readers—and a wide circle of them—who regarded him with immense favor, but a reputation in the widest or popular sense, he never had.

John Neal contributed to the Dime Novels' series and the Dime Library of Fiction series several most admirable and certainly very peculiar stories. We may name "The White-Faced Pacer," "The Moose Hunters," "Little Moccasin"—which not only richly deserved the wide sale we gave them in the series, but were, in more than one respect, remarkable as stories. They were Mr. Neal's earnest effort, made at our request, to write a popular novel, and though they greatly pleased him he failed to adhere to that line of work—which was his lifelong fault: he never liked to work *up to time*, or to finish his conceptions in detail. Many of his finest poems and sketches really are *fragments*, giving richest promise by showing what was in the man, but whose want of *completeness* made them mere literary experiments.

His novels above named, however, are finished in character, plot and story; and now that the eminent author is no more they will be recalled and reread with a sad pleasure.

As a man, Mr. Neal was beloved and welcomed wherever personally known, and in his death we realize that one of the fathers of a purely *American Literature* has passed away, to be remembered lovingly by all who have been privileged to be his readers or friends.

A BRAVE MAN'S RECORD.

ANSWERING Osceola Club it is enough perhaps to say that the recent choice, by the Government, of Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody) to be chief of scouts is evidence enough of his merit as a plainsman and Indian-fighter. Government officers in the West know the value of these scouts too well to make any mistake in their selection, for at times the success or failure of an expedition is in their hands. They must be hardy, resolute, intelligent and fearless to the last degree. That Mr. Cody is all this, and more, is attested by his having been chosen out of many as chief guide and director of the Grand Duke Alexis Great Hunting Expedition in Wyoming; to his selection for the same post of honor and responsibility in James Gordon Bennett's Season on the Plains; and to several similar expeditions. He was Hunter, Scout and Pioneer for the Pacific Railway construction party, and in that service won the sobriquet of Buffalo Bill, from his remarkable success in killing the great game and in keeping herds always within reach. He is a most skillful rider, an unerring shot with revolver and rifle, perfectly familiar with the whole country over which the Sioux range, and is as keen on the trail as a hawk.

It would be strange, indeed, if a man of his experience had not much to tell of adventure and peril; and though we presume he uses the license of all writers of romance, in the production of his stories, it is not necessary, in his case, to invent characters, incidents and story when so much that is real in his own personal knowledge is at his disposal.

Neither would it be strange that a man so decided in character should have made enemies who, if they cannot confront the lion, can bark at his heels. He is, however, so amply able to his own defense and vindication, with tongue, pen and arms, that his friends are not called upon to fight his battles for him, either in the press or on the field.

He is now off on duty, in pursuit of Sitting Bull and the Sioux and Cheyennes on the warpath. We hope for his safe return, and that lovers of Border Romance will enjoy, in our columns, many a story from his pen.

Sunshine Papers.

Peculiar People.

STYLING II.

I AM the proprietor's wife, Mrs. Jones, and I thought I'd just step up here myself to see if your rooms suited. Oh, yes, I can assure you they are the very best in the house, and you will find them cool, and people always admire the view of the bay from the windows. Another wardrobe put in here? Certainly; I will see that it is done immediately. And another mirror? Oh, of course; I wonder I did not think of those matters myself. Do not hesitate to mention anything we can do for your comfort. What lovely children you have. No, our rules do not allow children at the first table; they are expected to eat with the maids. You prefer a private table and waiter, and to have the little ones eat with you? Well, of course it is pleasanter; but we charge a dollar a day more.

"Oh! I understand, I understand, Mrs. Roland, that prices are no object to you. I merely mentioned it because I like to be perfectly fair and open in my dealings. I will arrange about the table right away. Milk? Why, by all means; all the little darlings can drink. Now I hope you will get along comfortably. Carriages? Yes, Mr. Roland has made arrangements with my husband for your driving out every day.

"What did you say, Mrs. Evans? A larger room for your friend? Really, I wish we could accommodate her; but I will explain to her that Mrs. D. J. T. Roland, wife of the wealthy liquor-dealer, is occupying all our finest rooms for the season. And the room we have at your friend's command is a cool, pretty one, although it is small, and I'm sure she will like the guests we have here.

"You know she will not come unless she can have a large room? I am so sorry; but we cannot do better. She will go to the Ocean Breeze House, then, and you shall move over there, too? Why, I am sure your rooms are excellent ones, and we do all we can to accommodate our boarders. We only accommodate the Rolands? Well, madam, it is quite natural that we should do all they are willing to pay for; but I had no idea that you had cause for dissatisfaction. Mrs. Roland puts on too many airs, and the children are insufferably saucy and troublesome? I hardly think it is the thing for you to talk about my boarders in that way. Mrs. Roland is a very fine and stylish woman, and the children are only a little spoiled—not strange, such beauties as they are. Very well, we will have your trunks moved; and we have plenty of applications for the rooms!

"What, going away to-night, Mrs. Roland? Why, you haven't been here three weeks! Going to Lake Clear? This air does not agree with the children? As soon as Mr. Roland returns from the North he will come right on here and settle up matters? Oh, of course, that is all right! He will be so surprised to hear of your sudden change? But you feel that the children's health is of the greatest importance? Certainly, certainly; but I am very sorry you must go."

A YEAR LATER.—"The Rolands coming here to board this season? I reckon not! I would not have that impudent woman and her little wivens here on any account! They lost us several good customers last year, and then went away and never paid their bills! My husband swears every time he sees their name on the books, and I—want to!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SILLY THINGS.

WHEN we look back through the days that have gone, it doesn't seem as though the amusements of a past age could have been very instructive, or of a very refining character, if we may judge from the following notices of the doings of the "Revels" at a fair, a many a year ago:

Prizes of snuff were awarded to old women drinking tea. Whoever could drink it the quickest and hottest gained the prize. There were races between twenty and thirty old women for a pound of tea. It is said such sport occasioned much merriment, and that it was astonishing to see with what agility the old dames ran in order to obtain their favorite beverage.

The question arises, did the men order this for their sport, and were the old women denied tea so as to compel them to this exhibition of their strength? Or, did the women themselves enjoy the contest, tea or no tea? The women reformers will, of course, have no objection to this.

"For you know, Eve, that man is our natural enemy," exclaims Susannah Sharp.

I don't know it. If he is, all I can say is, there are a great many Christian females in the community; for they seem to love their enemy and the Scriptures command us to do *that*. Have I hit the right nail there? I hope I have, for I hammered hard enough.

Here's another very refined amusement that seemed to delight a bygone generation, called "Grimming through horse-collars." A chronicler states that "several Hodges stand in a row, each holding a collar; whoever can make the ugliest face through it gains the prize. This feat is also performed by old women, and certainly the latter are the most amusing."

I blush for my maternal ancestors doing such things. I've seen some of their descendants "make up faces" with ruffs and don't think them at all amusing, but to grin through a horse-collar! How shocking! We call this a land of the free, but I don't think women could be found *independent* enough to perform such antics, though some of them do cut a ridiculous figure, *for pay*, on the rostrum, and men pay both to see their antics and to be railed at and abused by the exhibitors. It really is considered by them a pretty good joke. Men would not let one of their own sex insult them so, for many of the speeches of these show-women are downright insults to gentlemen, and do no credit to the speakers, "fair" though they be. The question suggests itself: do these foreseen displays elevate mankind and woman kind more than drinking hot tea for snuff or grinning through a horse-collar for a pound of tea?

Am I blaming women for trying to better the condition of their sisters and for doing what they can to ameliorate their troubles? No, my friend; I am blaming them for *overdoing* it, and they are spoiling—not bettering—a good cause, because they are not going the right way to bring about the reformation they seek.

We want to have women true and loyal to themselves without making a *show* of their actions. We oftentimes think women employers are harsher and more severe to the girls they employ than the men are. The overseers of many shops in large cities are women; and, if all accounts be true, they are often hard taskmasters. Men are more inclined to pity and to forgive woman than woman is to overlook faults in those of her own sex.

I have just thought that, perhaps, woman is but mortal, and thinks to lighten her own load by casting the fault and blame on man. "Rae shows" have not entirely ceased. I am led to believe.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Birthplace.

"Seven towns contended for great Homer dead."

It has been my good fortune to have but one birthplace. I don't think it is fair for any man to have any more than that, for it is apt to make him feel stuck up. Outside of having been born at all, a great deal depends upon where you were born. I was born in a short time before my earliest recollection in the picturesque town of Haddam, in Connecticut. The town is standing there yet, and there are people living there still who have heard of the event. In honor of my birthday the sun rises on that anniversary in the east in the morning, and sinks in the west in the evening; and if the moon can get on time she shines in the night. The citizens of the place have talked for years of building a monument to my memory if I would only die, and they say they will willingly do it if I would do my part, and express a good deal of impatience at my want of accommodation. They all say they desire to look on that monument before they are called to go. The house where I was born has long since been taken down, and converted into relics and kindling-wood, and an enduring and imposing jail is there; many of the citizens so revere the spot that they can't rest until they get there.

To the city of Albany, where I first saw the light, I love to return. I am not very loth to go, but I much prefer to be sent back by the citizens of my district. The land is still there upon which I was born, but the splendid architectural retreat for the insane rears its proud proportions over the spot, and the visitors who summer there on my account don't care to visit any place else; in fact they feel rather constrained to stay there. Although my business affairs will not allow me to remain over the sacred spot long, yet I love to linger in the immediate neighborhood and fill my heart with the historical associations of the past. A finer building could not be reared to mark the birthplace of a man who never hesitated to tell the truth whenever it was to his advantage.

In Utica, my native place, the day of my birth comes as regularly every year as I go to dinner every day, and the day is always fittingly observed; but it pains me when I am there to see men who are intoxicated every day in the year also intoxicated on that day. They celebrate the day there by having three meals, and some of them a lunch between meals. It is with extravagance affection that I look upon the city of Utica. It has been improving ever since the day I was born, and a great many of its citizens have grown rich since that illustrious event. I rather feel proud of this, yet in my modesty I cannot ask for any undue or extreme adulation, since I had very little to do with being born there. The station-house erected for the benefaction and regeneration of mankind now occupies the historical place, and it strikes me that nothing could be fitter. I have worked years for the reformation of mankind represented by myself, and have not yet altogether despaired of eventual success.

To the town of Troy, Ohio I always look with peculiar interest, since in my earlier years it happened to be the place of my nativity. I love to be entertained at the tables of my friends there. I enjoy the victuals. Bonaparte was a relation of mine, we having descended from a cousin of Adam's, and I am remotely connected with Alexander the Great, in a direct descent from Adam's grandfather on his mother's side, yet it is with vastly more pride that I look upon the town of Troy as having been started with my earliest cries—no, I mean my earliest laughter; I never cried in my life. I was honored a great deal in that town because I was a relative of the Duke of Wellington through the influence of a mutual cousin who came over in Noah's ark without registering his name on the passenger list, disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothing—my own grandfather being a Frenchman, born of Scotch parents, speaking sixteen languages all at once, and well known as the author of rolling off a log without the influence of any very great exertion, a great dissembler.

With the fondest affection my heart turns to the city of Hoboken, the only reliable place where I first became a citizen of this world, and was made eligible to a seat in the Presidential chair, provided I was invited to sit down and rest my political bones. The house still remains, but a violent storm some years ago blew it over on to a neighboring lot, and it took the cellar with it. It landed upside down, and the cellar remained on top, which rendered it an unfit place to keep milk and things in. The storm blew all the keyholes out of the doors, and all the window openings out of the sides of the house. It was afterward used as a place to pack away memories of me in. How unlike the fate of the old house which I was born in in the town of Rockaback, which was destroyed by fire in 1846 or 1848—it has slipped my mind, which, some way. Once the old portals was painted, "HERE WHITEHORN WAS BORNED" by a colored artist in whitewash. It always made my heart fill to see them decorate it on every birthday, no matter how many times it came in the year, with evergreens as emblematic, and sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other rare and exotic roses.

I never forgave myself for having been born in Buffalo. It was a mistake for which I ask pardon, and I never will do it again as long as I live. The new House of Reform recalls the place where the old house stood—leaned, and many persons make pilgrimages to it. The people of the nineteenth century have been fearfully deluded by a report circulated in the papers in both hemispheres and Canada, that I was born in Weehawken, my parents being Irish people of Dutch descent. This caused an exciting rush to that town, and when they found it out they blamed me for ever being born at all. The mistake was a serious one, since Yonkers is the veritable one of many true places where I was really born. I hope and trust that all doubts will now be settled in regard to my place of birth.

Several birthdays for sale.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—The sale of Circassian girls to Turks continues. A correspondent of the London *Times* says that a Moslem dealer makes choice of four, unsoiled, unsophisticated girls, imports them to Constantinople, sells them, and then goes back for more. He can make a good living out of women. Many of the Circassians are settled in Turkey, and there actually breed children for sale, having no more shame about it than a fashionable English mother may feel about bringing out her girls for the matrimonial market.

—"Mr. Emerson, I should like to have your views on the present state of the country," said Boston scribe to the distinguished metaphysician.

"Don't want to be interviewed," returned the sage, abruptly.

"But, Mr. Emerson, you can have no objection to stating what, in your judgment, is the chief cause of the blight which seems to have fallen upon the American nation?"

"Well, perhaps not," said the veteran, sadly. "There are doubtless many opinions on the subject, but to me it has always seemed perfectly clear that a people who consume so much *crust* must necessarily deteriorate."

And the scribe stood watching the retreating form of the philosopher through an opera-glass for several minutes, then turned sadly homeward and ordered his wife to make her pies hereafter without *crust*—thus setting a good example of piety.

—A late Nevada paper tells us of a mountain-climbing camel, thus: "A train of eight camels left the city early yesterday morning, loaded with wood for the summit of Mount Davidson. Each animal carried about one-third of a cord of wood. The train reached the summit and approached to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the flagstaff without much difficulty. They could not be taken nearer, as near the peak all is bare granite, twisted in all directions and cut up by dead channels or crevices. Across this patch of granite, standing on the border of the mountain, a herd of eight camels were standing on the summit of Mount Davidson, nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, was a novel sight, and should have been photographed. The train will make another trip to the top of the mountain early this morning, carrying the remainder of the wood required for the big bonfire. Although it is the general sunspot that camels cannot travel when taken off the sands of the deserts, these—nearly all of which were Nevada born—seem to be pretty good mountain-climbers."

—The delusion, once so popular, that scant clothing of children, reaching in extreme cases almost semi-nudity, caused them to become "hardy" is at last disappearing from among the educated classes; and the truth is now recognized that it was only the exceptionally strong children who survived the treatment, while

need have no doubt that Madame D'Eglantine will pay it, for she is quite willing—more than willing. Indeed, now that your own mother is dead, I dare say, had you not married, she would at once have adopted you as Violet's sister, and made you share in everything equally with her. I cannot but regret your rash marriage. But it is done, and cannot be undone. I only hope that Mr. Harold will be more willing to acknowledge you when he learns that you are to have a large sum of money, and that some, at least, of yours friends and relatives are more than a match for his own in heritage and wealth.

"Your marriage must now be proclaimed, whether or not it suits Mr. Harold, senior. Servants shall no longer sneer at you. You have friends who will compel some attention to your interests. I only wish Mr. Vernon were here in the city now."

Much more was said. A marvelous clock on the carved mantelpiece struck ten, with a sound almost as soft as that of a summer breeze running through a branch of lilies of the valley.

"I had no idea I had been here almost three hours," exclaimed young Ward, rising quickly. "Good-by, dear Florence, for the present. You shall not be neglected, rest assured of that! And now, to attend to a small matter of interest only to myself. You remember the promise into which you bewitched me, when you got me to promise to wear your ring? We have met again, and I am no longer under bonds to wear a jewel which has made me a good deal of trouble, for it has kept Violet from promising to some day be my little wife. She was, naturally, jealous of my right to make love to her and yet wear your ring. When I see her again—which I fervently hope will now be soon—I shall show her the absurdity of her doubts. So now, Florrie dear, take back your ring."

As she reached out her hand for it, Charlie took the dimpled member in his own, playfully, and placed the ring on her finger. He had only the most brotherly feeling for the little lady with whom he had jested, and associated since they were children; and now, it was more out of pity for her, and a kind desire to leave her in lighter spirits than he had found her, that he himself placed the ring on her hand, and smiling, touched his lips lightly to it as he said "good-night, and good-by till we meet again."

Turning to go, he, for the first time, perceived, in the door, a person who had been silently standing there for some three or four minutes; a person he immediately knew to be Fraser Harold, and whom he would have been glad to succeed in meeting, had it not been for an expression on the handsome face which startled and disconcerted him.

The sneer of a Mephistopheles was on the polished, courtly features; but the eyes were red and lurid with jealous rage.

"Really, madam, if I had known how you amused yourself in my absence, I need not have put myself so much out of the way to come up here to prevent your becoming quite desolate. It was at some inconvenience I managed to visit you this evening; but I have been so well entertained during the last five minutes, I will now depart, leaving you to the resources of a new lover. Farewell, Madame Cora Pearl."

"Fraser!" shrieked his wife, darting to him and flinging her arms about his neck. "You shall not speak to me so! You shall not go away! Listen! This is an old friend of mine—let me tell you—but he cast her from him with so much rudeness that she staggered half-across the room.

"I might have known that a girl who would meet me as you did, in Gramercy park, was not a girl to trust," he said, coldly. "I have had enough of you. I have been thinking so for some time; and now I am infinitely obliged to you for giving me a palpable and sufficient reason for putting an end to our acquaintance. You are even more fickle than I deemed you."

He turned to leave the room, but again she rushed and flung herself upon him, dragging him, by the might of her passion and anguish rather than by her physical strength, back against his will, while Charles Ward, brave and generous, if young and inexperienced, quickly closed the door and placed his back to it.

"You shall listen to my explanation of what you have seen—for your wife's sake," said Charlie, sternly.

"Do not bore me with explanations; they are my pet aversions," answered Harold, keeping the struggling girl at arm's length and advancing calmly to the door. "Open that, and let me pass, or I shall take great pleasure in blowing out your brains."

"Blow them out, if you will, you infernal sneak and coward!" cried Charlie. "It is what one might expect from a *gentleman* too mean to protect his own wife from the insults of the servants who wait upon her. To assassinate an unarmed man were not so base as to murder the reputation of a woman!—above all things of the woman you have vowed before Heaven to love and protect."

Gentleman Harold quailed perceptibly under this true charge; the hand which toyed with his revolver did not bring it to view; but he sneered still, as he asked, with forced quietness:

"Who asserts this lady to be my wife? She will have some trouble to prove her claims to the title."

"Fraser! Fraser! You pierce my very soul with your cruel words. How can you talk so to your own fond little wife? Mr. Rhodes will tell Charlie my words are true—so will the clergyman. I have the certificate. Fraser Harold, I will endure this false position no longer!—to-morrow morning I go to your parents, your sisters, and tell them the truth."

"You will find it difficult to make them believe it," he still sneered. "I came here, to-night, my girl, because I was still very fond of you; and who knows what your power over me might have won me to do? That is all over now. The sight I saw when I came in the door decided my course. Redmond Rhodes sailed for Europe a week ago, to be gone two years; the reverend gentleman you refer to fall dead on the street, to-day, of apoplexy; my family is at our country house; and I am off, to-morrow, with a lot of English swells, for a hunt over the plains—so good-by, forever."

He turned quickly, walked down the room into the adjoining one, out into the hall from thence and down the stairs before Charlie could intercept him.

As he heard the hall door clang, Florence fell headlong to the floor, with the low cry:

"Oh, merciful Heaven, DESERTED!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 320.)

The Greeks characterized human follies and absurdities by such phrases as "He plows the air;" "he is making clothes for fishes;" "he catches the wind with a net;" "he roasts snow in a furnace;" "he holds a looking-glass to a mole;" "he is teaching iron to swim;" "he is teaching a pig to play on a flu e;" "he sells wool on an ass;" "he washes the Ethiopians."

"ROCK OF AGES."

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

"Book of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fall the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue,
Sung as little children sing;
Sung as birds sing in June;
Fall the words, like light leaves sown
On the current of the tune—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
At the words unheeding,
Felt the song as song could care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rock of ages, as the cross-cossed bird
Beats, with wing wing, the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer;

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown singed sung the hymn
Trusting and bold;
Sung as only the soul can sing
With life's many trials have pressed;
Sung as only those can sing
Who behold the promised rest.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin's lid,
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's care and sorrows hid!
Never more, oh, storm-tossed soul!
Never more, oh, heart of woe!
Never more from pillow roll,

"Wilt thou need thyself to hide!
Could the sightless, sunken eyes
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the muted and stiffened lips
Move again, pleading to hide?
Still, still, the song would be,
Let me hide myself in thee."

LA MASQUE.

The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN
SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED.

LEOLINE was rather surprised to find the journey so short, but she arose directly, with silence and dignity—at least with as much of the latter commodity as could be reasonably expected, considering that boats on water are rather unsteady things to be dignified in—and was led gently and with care out of the swaying vessel, and up another flight of stairs. Then, in a few moments, she was conscious of passing from the free night air into the closer atmosphere of a house; and it is going through an endless labyrinth of corridors, and passages, and suites of rooms, and flights of stairs, until she became so extremely tired that she stopped with spirited abruptness, and in the plainest possible English gave her conductor to understand that she had gone about far enough for all practical purposes. To which that patient and respectful individual replied that he was glad to inform her they had but a few more steps to go, which the next moment proved to be true, for he stopped and announced that their promenade was over for the night.

"And I suppose I may have the use of my eyes at last?" inquired Leoline, with more haughtiness than Sir Norman could have believed possible so gentle a voice could have expressed.

For reply, her companion rapidly untied the bandage, and withdrew it with a flourish. The dazzling brightness that burst upon her so blinded her that, for a moment, she could distinguish nothing; and when she looked round to contemplate her companion, she found him hurriedly making his exit, and securely locking the door. The sound of the key turning in the lock gave her a most peculiar sensation, which none but those who have experienced it can properly understand. It is not the most comfortable feeling in the world to know you are a prisoner, even if you have no key turned upon you but the weather, and your jailer be a high east wind and lashing rain. Leoline's prison and jailer were something worse; and, for the first time, a cold chill of fear and dismay crept icily to the core of her heart. But Leoline had something of Miranda's courage, as well as her looks and temper; so she tried to feel as brave as possible, and not think of her unpleasant predicament while there remained anything else to think about. Perhaps she might escape, too; and as this notion struck her, she looked with eager anxiety, not unmixed with curiosity, at the place where she was. By this time her eyes had been accustomed to the light, which her eyes had from a great antique lamp of bronze, pendent by a brass chain from the ceiling; and she saw she was in a moderately-sized and by no means splendid room. But what struck her most was that everything had a look of age about it, from the glittering oak beams of the floor to the faded, ghostly hangings on the wall. There was a bed at one end—a great, spectral ark of a thing, like a mausoleum, with drapery as old and spectral as that on the walls, and in which she could no more have lain in a moth-eaten shroud. The seats and the one table the room held were of the same ancient and weird pattern, and gave her a shivering sensation not unlike an ague chill, to look at. There was but one door—a huge structure, with shining panels, securely locked, and escape from that quarter was utterly out of the question. There was one window, hung with dark curtains of tarnished embroidery, but in pushing them aside she met only a dull blank of unlighted glass, for the shutters were firmly secured without. Altogether, she could not form the slightest idea where she was; and, with a feeling of utter despair, she sat down on one of the queer old chairs, with much the same feeling as if she were sitting in a tomb. What would Sir Norman say? What would he ever think of her, when he found her gone? And what was destined to be her fate in this dreadful, out-of-the-way place? She would have cried, as most of her sex would be tempted to do in such a situation, but that she disliked and horror of Count L'Estrange was a good deal stronger than her grief, and turned her tears to sparks of indignation fire. Never, never, never would she be his wife! He might kill her a thousand times if he liked, and she wouldn't yield an inch. She did not mind dying in a good cause; she could do it but once. And with Sir Norman despising her, as she felt he must do, when he found her run away, she rather liked the idea

than otherwise. Mentally, she bade adieu to all her friends before beginning to prepare for her melancholy fate—to her handsome lover, to his gallant friend, Ormiston, to her poor nurse, Prudence, and to her mysterious visitor, La Masque. La Masque. Ah! that name awoke a new chord of recollection—the casket; she had it with her yet. Instantly everything was forgotten but it and its contents; and she placed a chair directly under the lamp, drew it out, and looked at it. It was a pale little bijou itself, with its polished ivory surface, and shining clasps of silver. But the inside had far more interest for her than the outside, and she fitted the key and unlocked it with a trembling hand. It was lined with azure velvet, wrought with silver thread, in dainty wreaths of water-lilies; and in the bottom, neatly folded, lay a sheet of foolscap. She opened it with nervous haste; it was a common sheet enough, stamped with fool's cap and bells, that showed it belonged to Cromwell's time. It was closely written, in a light, fair hand, and bore the title, "Leoline's History." Leoline's hand trembled so with eagerness, she could scarcely hold the paper; but her eye rapidly ran from line to line, and she stopped 'till she reached the end. While she read, her face alternately flushed and paled, her eyes dilated, her lips parted; and before she finished it, there came over all a look of the most unutterable horror. It dropped from her powerless fingers as she finished; and she sank back in her chair with such a ghastly paleness that it seemed absolutely like the lividness of death.

A sudden and startling noise awoke her from her trance of horror—some one trying to get in at the window! The chill of terror it sent through every vein acted as a sort of counter-irritant to the other feeling, and she sprung from her chair and turned her face fearfully toward the sounds. But in all her terror she did not forget the mysterious sheet of foolscap, which lay, looking up at her, on the floor; and she snatched it up, and thrust it and the casket out of sight. Still the sounds went on, but softly and cautiously; and at intervals, as if the worker were afraid of being heard. Leoline went back, step by step, to the other extremity of the room, with her eyes still fascinated to the window, and a white terror, that left her perfectly colorless, on her beautiful face. Who could it be? Not Count L'Estrange, for he would surely not need to enter his own house like a burglar—not Sir Norman Kingsley, for he could certainly not find out her abduction and her prison so soon, and she had no other friends in the whole wide world to trouble themselves about her. There was one; but the idea of ever seeing her again was so unspeakably dreadful that she would rather have seen the most horrible specter her imagination could conjure up than that tall, graceful, rich-robed form. Still the noises persistently continued; there was the sound of withdrawing bolts, and then a pale ray of moonlight shot between the parted curtains, showing the shutters had been opened. Whiter and whiter Leoline grew, and she felt herself growing cold and rigid with mortal fear. Softly the window was raised, a hand stole in and parted the curtains, and a pale face and two great dark eyes wandered slowly round the room, and rested at last on her, standing like a galvanized corpse, as far from the window as the wall would permit. The hand was lifted in a warning gesture, as if to enforce silence; the window was raised still higher, a figure, lithe and agile as a cat, sprung lightly into the room, and standing with his back to her, reclosed the shutters, reshot the window, and redrew the curtains, before taking the trouble to turn round. This discreet little maneuver, which showed her visitor was human, and gifted with human prudence, reassured Leoline a little, and, to judge by the reverse of the medal, the nocturnal intruder was nothing very formidable after all. But the stranger did not keep her long in suspense; while she stood gazing at him, as if fascinated, he turned round, stepped forward, took off his cap, made her a courtly bow, and then straightened himself up, prepared, with great coolness, to scrutinize and be scrutinized. Well might they look at each other; for the two faces were perfectly the same, and each one saw themselves as others saw them. There was the same coal-black, curling hair; the same lustrous dark eyes; the same clear, colorless complexion, the same delicate, perfect features; nothing was different but the costume and the expression. That latter was essentially different, for the young lady's (*place aux dames*) betrayed amazement, terror, doubt, and delight, all at once; while the young gentleman's was a grand, careless surprise, mixed with just a dash of curiosity. He was the first to speak; and after they had stared at each other for the space of five minutes, he described a graceful sweep with his hand, and held forth in the following strain:

"I greatly fear, fair Leoline, that I have startled you by my sudden and surprising entrance; and if I have been the cause of a moment's alarm to one so perfectly beautiful, I shall hate myself for ever after. If I could have got in any other way, rest assured I would not have risked my neck and your peace of mind by such a suspicious means of ingress as the window; but if you will take the trouble to the window, but if you will take the trouble to turn the trouble to turn round. This discreet little maneuver, which showed her visitor was human, and gifted with human prudence, reassured Leoline a little, and, to judge by the reverse of the medal, the nocturnal intruder was nothing very formidable after all. But the stranger did not keep her long in suspense; while she stood gazing at him, as if fascinated, he turned round, stepped forward, took off his cap, made her a courtly bow, and then straightened himself up, prepared, with great coolness, to scrutinize and be scrutinized. Well might they look at each other; for the two faces were perfectly the same, and each one saw themselves as others saw them. There was the same coal-black, curling hair; the same lustrous dark eyes; the same clear, colorless complexion, the same delicate, perfect features; nothing was different but the costume and the expression. That latter was essentially different, for the young lady's (*place aux dames*) betrayed amazement, terror, doubt, and delight, all at once; while the young gentleman's was a grand, careless surprise, mixed with just a dash of curiosity. He was the first to speak; and after they had stared at each other for the space of five minutes, he described a graceful sweep with his hand, and held forth in the following strain:

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now; and there was more of reproach, even, than anger in his voice, as he went over and laid his hand on the shoulder of one of them.

"Stay!" he said. "One word with you, Count L'Estrange. What have you done with Leoline?"

"Ah! Sir Norman, as I live!" cried the count, wheeling round and lifting his hat. "Give you good-even—or rather, good-morning, Kingsley—for St. Paul's has long gone the midnight hour."

Sir Norman, with his hand still on his shoulder, returned not the courtesy, and regarded the gallant count with a stern eye.

"Where is Leoline?" he frigidly repeated.

"Really?" said the count, with some embarrassment, "you attack me so unexpectedly, and so like a ghost or a highwayman—by the way, I have a word to say to you about highwaymen, and was seeking you to say it."

"Where is Leoline?" shouted the exasperated young knight, releasing his shoulder, and clutching him by the throat. Tell me, or by Heaven! I'll pitch you neck and heels into the Thames!"

Instantly the sword of the count's companion flashed in the moonlight, and, in two seconds more, its blue blade would have ended the mortal career of Sir Norman Kingsley, had not the count quickly sprang back, and made a motion for his friend to hold.

"Wait!" he cried, commandingly, with an arm outstretched to each. "Keep off! George, sheathe your sword and stand aside. Sir Norman Kingsley, one word with you, and be it in peace."

"There can be no peace between us," retorted that aggravated young gentleman fiercely, "until you tell me what has become of Leoline."

"All in good time. We have a listener; and does it not strike you our conference should be private?"

"Public or private, it matters not a jot, so that you tell me what you've done with Leoline," replied Sir Norman, with whom, it was evident, getting beyond his question was a moral and physical impossibility. "And if you do not give an account of yourself, I'll run you through, as sure as your name is Count L'Estrange!"

A strange sort of smile came over the face of the count, at this direful threat, as if he fancied, in that case, he was safe enough; but Sir Norman, luckily, did not see it, and heard only the savor reply:

"Certainly, Sir Norman; I shall be delighted to do so. Let us stand over there in the shadow of that arch; and, George, do you remain here within call."

The count blandly waved Sir Norman to follow, which Sir Norman did, with much the air of a sulky lion; and a moment after, both stood facing each other within the archway.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

CUSTRE.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

What shall that sudden blade
Leap out no more?
No more thy hand be laid
Upon the sword-hilt, smiting sore?
Oh, for another such
The longer's rain to clutch—
One equal blow to win victory,
Sounding thy hattle-arms!
Brave darling of the soldiers' choice!
Would there were one more voice!
Oh, gallant charge, too bold!
Oh, fierce, imperious greed
To pierce the clouds that in their darkness hold
Slaughter of man and steed!
Now stark and cold
Among the fallen, say where thou hast
And even with thy blood defest
The woful foe;
But ah, thou lies low,
And all our birthday song is hushed indeed!

Young lion of the plain,
Thou of the tawny mane!
Hotly the soldiers' hearts shall beat,
Their manly pluck repeat,
Their valiance seek the trial again
Where thy red doomomen be!
But on the charge no more shall stream
Thy hair—no more thy saber gleam—
No more ring out thy battle-shout,
Thy cry of victory!

Not when a hero falls,
The sound a world awakes;
For the pale plumes of woes,
There is a glory, even in the loss;
But when some craven heart
From honor dares to part,
Then, then the groan, the blanching cheek,
And men in whispers speak,
Nor kith nor country dare reclaim
From the black depths his name.

The wild young warrior, rest,
By the wind's wild wind carcass'd!
Swift was thy dying pang;
Even as the war-ry rang;
Thy deathless spirit mounted high
And sought Columbia's sky;
There to the northward far,
Saw a new star;
And from it blazes down
The light of thy renown!

JULY 10, 1876.

OLD DAN RACKBACK,

The Great Exterminator:

OR,
THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"
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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WRONGED WIFE.

The day was near its close. Only the distant mountain peaks reflected the blaze of the setting sun, while low in the valleys the shadows lurked like assassins, and the dismal voices of night were heard issuing, as it were, from out the realms of Nowhere.

Down from among the meadows of the Western hills, into the valley of the Powder river, a horse and rider came plodding along. The horse was a sorry-looking old creature, and the rider was a woman—a fit companion for the animal she rode.

She was a white woman, tall and angular, with sharp, black eyes and thin, shrewish face. Her hair was of fiery red color and being parted in the middle, was combed close upon the forehead. She wore a dress of faded blue linsey-woolsey that fit her form rather slovenly. A sort of pea-jacket and a sun-bonnet, minus the paste-boards, completed the dress of this singular-looking female.

Her horse was loaded with as many bundles and packs as a Saratoga belle, and she rode along as quietly smoking a clay pipe, grim with the blackness of age, as though she were not hundreds of miles from civilization and in the midst of untold danger.

When about a mile from the river, she drew rein and dismounted; unpacked her animal and turned it loose with as much ease and business tact as though she had been accustomed to the lonely life of the border, and felt no uneasiness or fear of the surrounding landscape.

From her movements it was plain enough that she was going into camp. From a bundle

she produced a hatchet and trimmed the limbs from the body of a straight sapling which she then used as the central pole for a tent. She took a large canvas and tied it around the slender bush some six feet from the ground; then she drew it out at the bottom in the shape of a cone, stretching the edges down by means of hard wooden pins previously provided for that purpose; and her lodge was completed.

"Ah! Sir Norman, as I live!" cried the count, wheeling round and lifting his hat. "Give you good-even—or rather, good-morning, Kingsley—for St. Paul's has long gone the midnight hour."

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From her movements it was plain enough that she was going into camp. From a bundle

connected with his presence in the outlaw camp that Dan had overlooked: Kit was a prisoner—his feet and legs being securely bound. The fact, however, of his hands being free is what led to this oversight. Moreover, old Kit seemed to be enjoying his usual exuberance of spirit, and perfect freedom of his tongue which Dan did not suppose would be tolerated from any but a friend.

Kit had not been wounded at the time he and Dan became separated, but he had affected a role in order to get into the camp of his former friends. His object in this was the release of Idaho Tom, and all worked well until the outlaws got him to the light, when they discovered that he was not injured at all; and, mistrusting his purpose, they made him prisoner before he could escape.

Kit tried to argue them out of their suspicions, and to restore himself to his former place in their confidence. But he could no longer work upon their credulity; and every assertion was rebuked with an oath or a contradiction.

"Gentlemen, partners of many a day," he finally said, "if I can't convince you of my good faith, time will. There's a day for reckoning, and then you'll see, boys, how the land lays with me. I've been a martyr all my days to the injustice of humanity. When I lived with old Sabina, my wife, she led me an awful life, and if I hadn't got away when I did, my mind 'd been fogged long before—"

"You got away, but, please heavens, you'll not do it again!" screamed a voice, in which all the pent-up fury of a wild, maddened tigress burst forth like a Vesuvius, and a form sprung out of the darkness, shot across the area between the woods and fire and came down upon Kit Bandy like a hawk upon a bird.

It was the woman—Sabina Bandy.

"Oh, great horn of Joshua! save me! save me, boys!" cried Kit, "tis her—she—Sabina—the demoness!"

"Stars alive, you old essence of cussedness!" the ogress fairly hissed. "Til' tear you bald, you deceivin', ungrateful hound," and she buried her claws in his hair, and fairly danced as she pulled and tugged at the helpless prisoner's scraggly locks.

The outlaws rushed forward to interfere, but, seeing how the matter stood, they fell back and became delighted witnesses of this conjugal reunion.

Kit hollowed and begged manfully: Sabina cried with rage from the depths of her heart.

"Great mortal!" she said, "I hate the very earth they walk on, the miserable trash."

"I've an eye," said Dan, "that you've been jilted, ole gal."

"Don't insult me, debonair wretch, or I'll plug you through. I can shoot, and lone, unprotected female that I be, I'll show you that I can tell an insult."

"Eg pardon, ma'am," said Dan, graciously, "But it would afford me sublime pleasure to know who you be."

"Man's inquisitiveness!" sneered the woman. "I'd die in my tracks before I'd tell you my name. Please gracious, I have a mind and will of my own, and whenever you catch Sabina Bandy—there! confounded old fool that I be, I've let it out."

"Sabina Bandy!" exclaimed Dan, in astonishment; "great Judea! I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that name."

"You heard my name? Who be you, old tramp?"

"Dakota Dan."

"And you've heard my name, eh? Well, please gracious, I think I'm on a trail again."

"Yes; I've heard Kit Bandy speak of you a million times, or more," said Dan, "with tears in his eyes."

"Great stars!" exclaimed Dan, in astonishment; "the smell of the greasy blanket spread on the air, and a silence like death reigned. Then Prairie Paul sprang forward, and seizing the blanket by a corner, jerked it off the fire. The light flared out. A cry burst from the lips of the outlaws—a fierce, savage yell of defiance triumphed through the night."

Kit Bandy and his amiable spouse had vanished from view—had escaped into the woods during the momentary darkness that hung over the camp!

CHAPTER XL.

THE CRY OF AN INFANT.

DAKOTA DAN had been an eye-witness to the whole scene of infidelity that had resulted in the deliverance of Kit Bandy from the power of the outlaws, and none were more surprised over the result of the meeting of the husband and wife than was the old borderman himself.

When the amiable Sabina left Dan near the outlaw camp, she made a request of him that he should await the result of her interview with Kit. Why it was, that she should make this request, he could not comprehend, but no sooner did he see that they had escaped than something of the truth flashed across his mind; and before he had much time for conjecture, the sound of approaching feet drew his attention aside.

"Dan! Dan! Dan!" a hurried voice suddenly called out near him.

"What?" answered Dan.

"Git out of this, ole man, if you don't want to git nabbed. Come along with me. I've got the old runaway scratch, and I'll die afore I take my hands off him, true as my name's Bandy."

Now dan recognized the voice as that of Sabina, and at once started away after them.

They moved rapidly, and yet silently. Not a word was spoken by either of the party until the tent was reached; then Sabina turned to Dan, and said:

OLD MRS. GRIMES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Old Mrs. Grimes is dead again; Give her a long adieu. She always wore a kindly smile And spectacles of blue. The king of fate upon her lip Bestowed his solemn touch; Her resignation was most sweet And her extraction Dutch. Always contented with her sphere, That was very lovely born; Her feet s'walked in cheerfulness And stockings made of yarn. She had a kindly word for all, And to her life's last brink Religion was her daily food. And tea quite strong her drink. Among the poor she often went, And weekly made her rounds; You saw at once her heart was light, Her weight three hundred pounds. The neighbor's scandals she despised, She thought it evil work, And from all them she'd turn her ear, Her trumpet she would cork. She had a very gentle soul Through all her earthly scenes; She hated hypocrites and shams, But dearly cherished greens. She kept at peace with all the town, Looked over others' faults, She carried pride in her heart, And all smelling-salts. That there was something good in all She never had doubted; She had a touch of humor, too, And a dash of cynicism and gout. She strayed into the minds of all Good propects to instill, Peace rested on her aged head And an old cap and ruff. At last she followed Mr. Grimes. We ne'er shall see her more; Before she took a long farewell She sold her notion store.

St. Denis Place.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THEY made a strikingly contrasting picture, standing in the warm June twilight; and the fragrant odors of the tea-roses and the woodbine, and the budding grapevines, lingered around them as if the tender scents were fitting tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age to an hour, and as unlike as sisters could possibly be; and each a perfect type of her own style of loveliness—both of them peeresses in their royal dower of beauty.

Jessamine stood leaning against the railing of the veranda, her white hands caressing the spicy yellow honeysuckle, and her haughty eyes, that could melt from the cool, brilliant gray they looked now into such liquid darkness, when occasion required—her splendid, calm, cold eyes were roaming away out into the gathering dusk that was falling like a purple-gray vail of tissue over wood and lawn. A grand-looking girl, who looked every inch a princess, for all her dress was a simple serge, and her ornaments only a cluster of shining green leaves she had carelessly fastened in her purple-black hair—thick, magnificent hair, that was braided on her head and made you think of a coronet.

She turned her face toward the steps of the veranda—her eyes suddenly recalled in their wandering, listless glances, and showing a half-waxed, half-awed expression.

"Dell, how much longer are we going to stay here—at least, how much longer do you want to stay? I am sure I shall die of ennui if it lasts much longer."

A dainty little creature, with tresses of sun-gold hair streaming down to her waist, raised a pair of violet eyes.

"Oh, don't think of going back to the city yet, Jessamine! I wish we might never have to go."

Jessamine's white eyelids quivered, and she bent her steady head nearer the lily face turned to hers.

"Never go back! Why, Dell! Is it possible you are so infatuated with the country as to actually wish that? Child—for three months it is all very well to bury one's self as we are buried, and I've no doubt but that mamma will feel much better and stronger for it; but to stay longer—in a hired cottage, with only one half-grown girl to assist in the work, and no amusements of any sort, and our joint stock of earnings exhausting itself daily—I tell you, Dell, I prefer our own suite of rooms at home, and my music scholars and your book-keeping—with a chance of occasional enjoyment."

Jessamine's low, languid voice was just a little bitter as it fell on Dell's ears.

"I dare say you're right, dear. I ought not to enjoy idleness so thoroughly—only I feel as if I deserved it, and when we go back it will be to a long winter of constant work. But I do love the country, Jessie."

Jessamine smiled, and laid a spray of woodbine against her cool, fair cheek.

"So would I—if, for instance, I lived in the mansion over yonder, the St. Denis place, you know, where the stately housekeeper showed us through, and descended on the wonderful qualities and embarrassing wealth of the absent owner. If I owned such a place, Dell, and had a corps of twenty servants as Mr. St. Denis keeps, even in his absence—oh, I forgot to tell you, Dell, it is real there will be a grand reception given a week after he gets back, and he is expected hourly."

There was a gleam of enthusiasm in her gray eyes now, that made her look softer and prettier, but that, somehow, also made you think there was hotly burning ambitious schemes hidden under the japonica beauty, and cold, calculating shrewdness beneath the tranquil, languid tones. And then you did not think Jessamine Warre so regally splendid as before.

Dell lifted her eyebrows in a graceful little gesture of surprise.

"A reception? Oh, Jessie, and of course there'll be a dance—can't you imagine a waltz in that magnificent long saloon? Oh, dear, how I'd like to go!"

Jessamine's lip-curved.

"Of course you'd like to go, but do you think for a moment the aristocratic families around here would descend to associate with us?"

Dell's face grew a little stern.

"Why not? We are ladies, born and bred, if we do work for our living."

Jessamine laughed contemptuously.

"You foolish child! I can tell you our faces and handsome dresses—if we had them—would take us where our family name would not. And I can tell you something else, Dell—"

The little gate at the roadside opened at that instant, and the sound of lagging footsteps coming toward the house interrupted Jessamine's remark; and then a dusty, travel-stained man paused at the foot of the steps, and touched his shabby hat-rim to the girls.

He was not a terrifying spectacle by any means, but evidently one of the many respectable, discouraged, disheartened men one so often sees, nowadays, tramping through the

country in search of work—at least, if one judged by his clothes, which were dusty and plain, or by his face, that was pale and tired. Jessamine drew herself up.

"Go away. We have nothing for you. We don't encourage tramps here."

He touched his hat—the rim was decidedly battered and dusty.

"I beg pardon, ladies, but if you will give me a—"

Jessamine swept across the veranda angrily.

"Will you march off, or shall I have the dog set on you? Dell, go tell Ann to unfasten Pontoo."

The man turned away, slowly, as if to move was an effort, and Dell sprang up in an impulse of remonstrative protest.

"Jessie, how can you be so heartless? He is as pale as death, and only see how he drags himself along! You might have let him sit down a minute, and at least have given him a kind word, and a piece of bread and butter."

A contemptuous laugh pealed from Jessamine's red lips.

"Tired and ill!—drunk and a thief, you'd better say! A piece of bread and butter! Oh, Dell!"

Dell raised her finger warningly.

"Oh, Jessie—don't. I'll hear you."

Jessamine raised her voice a key higher.

"Let him hear, then! Perhaps you had better sit and watch that he does not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house, leaving Dell with her cheeks flushing, and a compassion born of the sweet womanly sympathy, glowing in her blue eyes as she watched the man walk slowly, painfully along, and finally halt at the gate, as if in utter discouragement at the long stretch of road between him and the next house where he might find what Jessamine had rudely denied—the magnificent country seat of Hugh St. Denis, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

Dell saw, and her quick instincts told her what she imagined his manner meant. Quick as a bird, she dashed up-stairs to her room, and snatched her portemone from the bureau drawer, and was down again with a greenback crushed in her hand, as she ran softly after him, still leaning against the gate-post, still looking with that same strange expression on his pale face, at the towers of St. Denis place.

"Here—please—it isn't much—but it's all I have to spare. Take it, please!"

Her sweet, eager voice startled him, and he turned suddenly to see Dell's beautiful flushed face and tender, thoughtful eyes—dewy, and clear as crystals—her dainty little hand held out to him, with a five dollar bill fluttering in the fingers.

He looked surprised at her, then at the money.

"I must hurry back—but do take it—indeed you are welcome."

He looked keenly at her, and half smiled.

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken—I only wanted a—"

Dell thrust the money in his hand.

"Never mind, please. I think I can see you are proud, but, please take it—there—"

She darted off in the twilight, and was back in the house before she was missed.

The next day Jessamine came into Dell's room, radiant as Jessamine only permitted herself to be under rare circumstances—her gray eyes flashing, her red lips circumscribed in a smile of triumphant delight.

"Dell! See this! Now what do you say?"

She laid a square monogrammed envelope in the girl's lap—addressed to the Misses Warner; and bearing inside invitations to the reception at St. Denis place for a fortnight from that night.

Jessamine watched the girl's sweet face glow under the surprise; then saw, to her amazement, the flush of delight fade.

"Well, Dell! Of course we'll go! I'll take ten dollars I can spare and get me some suns and wear natural flowers with it; and I know you have five dollars laid aside for an emergency—you can fix up freshly with it—gloves and a sash, you know. And who knows but what Hugh St. Denis may be captivated?"

Dell laid the envelope softly down.

"I can't go, dear—unless I wear my old white muslin which will look wretched beside your new suisse. I—I've spent my money."

Jessamine frowned.

"Spent your money? Why, I saw it this very morning in your drawer. Spent your money? Dell, what do you mean?"

Dell met the vexed eyes as calmly as she could—she was just a little in awe of this magnificent sister of hers.

"I gave it to that poor man last night, Jessie. I was so sorry. I am sure he wasn't the sort of man to talk to as you did. I know he deserved it."

Jessamine sat down, and folded her hands in icy wrath.

"Dell Warner, I believe you are the biggest fool that ever drew breath. Give five dollars to a tramp—a beggar! Well, if that doesn't pass my comprehension!"

"I think I did right, Jessie; I know I did. It is, I think, and can't be undone."

"And you can stay away from the St. Denis reception—all for a miserable drunken thief! I've no patience with you."

Jessamine swept out of the room—she was like a duchess in her movements, and Dell went on with her sewing, wondering if her old white muslin wouldn't look pretty well if it was nicely laundered; thinking that there was a sea-green silk sash somewhere she had never worn, and a pair of white kids at home in New York that Jessamine could go for when she went to buy her suisse. So, while her busy, deft fingers sewed through the summer days on Jessamine's airy dress, little Dell decided she would go, after all, and wear her fresh white dress, and tea roses in her golden tresses, and the sea-green sash knotted on her skirt—a simple, exquisite toilet that made a very Undine of her, that made people turn their heads for more than a second or third look when she and Jessamine entered the magnificent saloon.

It was perfectly delightful, everyday.

Mr. St. Denis possessed none but high-bred, intelligent friends, and the Misses Warner were treated accordingly. The music was heavenly, and from her seat where she sat like a queen in state, Jessamine watched their handsome host, who had bowed lowly over her hand when he was introduced—watched him, as in his quiet, self-possessed elegance of manner, he went among his guests.

He heard was beating—would he, oh, would he ask her for the first dance, or would he go among the groups of stylish ladies from the city, any one of whom would be so honored by his attention?

And then, Jessamine saw Mr. St. Denis go straight across the room, right by her, and bow lowly to Dell, as he said a few words, and offered his arm.

Dell! Dell to lead the grand quadrille! Dell on Hugh St. Denis' arm, the observed of all observers—as fair as a sea-nymph, and so graceful, so sweetly unconscious of her radiant beauty!

Jessamine sat through that first select quadrille, and watched St. Denis' pale, handsome

face, as he bent it very near Dell's golden curls, his ardent, admiring eyes that looked so eagerly into the sweet, girlish face, that others beside Jessamine noted his attention.

Then, the dance over, St. Denis gave Dell his arm.

"That has been a delightful quadrille, Miss Dell. Consider my name on your card for at least half a dozen dances, to-night. By the way, Miss Dell, did you know I have something that belongs to you?"

They had reached Jessamine's chair by this time, and Dell turned laughingly to him.

"Something of mine? I do not see how that can be. Do you, Jessie?"

Jessamine favored him with her most fascinating smile.

"Indeed I do not—seeing that this is the first time we ever saw Mr. St. Denis."

He smiled in Dell's eyes.

"I'll leave you to fathom the mystery. Don't forget the first waltz for me, Miss Dell."

He went away, so handsome, so courtly, and Dell's foolish little heart was throbbing with something, at the signal triumph of her sister, who was at once the acknowledged belle of the room, and whose girlish heart was beating high with happiness when Mr. St. Denis came promptly for his waltz.

He drew her hand through his almost authoritatively.

"Miss Dell, it seems I have always known you, and yet you say you never saw me before. Suppose we take a walk through the conservatory instead of having this waltz?"

Into the fragrant semi-dusk they went, where fountains tinkled and rare flowers bloomed, and the music came in veiled sweeteness and richness.

I want you to be sure I am right, Miss Dell, when I say I have something of yours. Look at me closely. Have you never seen me before?"

He bent his face near hers. It was gravely smiling—and, oh, so tender and good; and Dell looked timidly at the smiling, yet stern eyes.

"I am sure I never saw you before, Mr. St. Denis."

"Then—have you ever seen this?"

He drew from his vest pocket a five-dollar bill—the very one, with a tiny bit off corner off it, that Dell had given the tramp.

"Don't you understand, dear child? I had taken a break to my head that I would walk from New York up, and it was a grand walk, although it took three days, and ruined my clothes! I stopped at your little cottage, to the east of the long stretch of road between him and the next house where he might find what Jessamine had rudely denied—the magnificent country seat of Hugh St. Denis, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

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